Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

LAND POOR.

"I've another offer, wife, of twenty acres more
Of high and dry timber land, as level as a floor.
I thought I'd wait and see you first, as Lawyer Brady said—
To tell how things will turn out best a woman is ahead.

"And when the lot is paid for, and we have got the deed,
I'll say that I am satisfied—it's all the land we need.
And next we'll see about the yard, and fix the house up some,
And manage in the course of time to have a better home."

"There is no use in talking, Charles; you buy that twenty more,
And we'll go scrimping all our lives, and always be land poor.
For thirty years we've tugged and saved, denying half our needs,
While all we have to show for it are tax receipts and deeds.

"I'd sell the land, if it were mine, and have a better home,
With broad light rooms, to front the street, and take life as it come.
If we could live as others live, and have what others do,
We'd live enough sight pleasanter, and have a plenty, too.

"While others have amusements, and luxury and books,
Just think how stingy we have lived, and how this old place looks!
That other farm you bought of Wells, that took so many years
At clearing up, and fencing in, has cost me many tears.

"Yes, Charles, I've thought of it a hundred times or more.
And wondered if it really paid to always be land poor;
That had we built a cozy house, took pleasure as it come,
Our children, once so dear to us, had never left our home.

"I grieve to think of wasted weeks, and years, and months and days!
While for it all we never yet have had one word of praise.
They call us rich, but we are poor. Would we not freely give
The land, with all its fixtures, for a better way to live?

"Don't think I'm blaming you, Charles; you are not a whit to blame.
I've pitied you these many years, to see you tired and lame.
It's just the way we started out, our plans too far ahead;
We've worn the cream of life away, to leave too much when dead.

"'Tis putting off enjoyment long after we enjoy;
And after all, too much of wealth seems useless as a toy.
Although we've learned, alas! too late, what all must learn at last,
Our brightest earthly happiness is buried in the past.

"This life is short and full of care; the end is always nigh:
We seldom half begin to live before we're doomed to die.
Were I to start my life again, I'd mark each separate day,
And never let a single one pass unemployed away.

"If there were things to envy, I'd have them now and then,
And have a home that was a home, and not a cage or pen;
I'd sell some land if it were mine, and fill up well the rest;
I've always thought, and think so yet—small farms well worked are best."

—*Exchange.*

PAMELA'S FACULTY.

They talked over Deacon Semple's death in the sewing circle. It was very sad that he should have died. So suddenly, too, of pneumonia, poor man. But Mrs. Calkins, at whose house the society met that week, couldn't help thinking that it would have been a very dull meeting if he had not; for since everybody had found out just why Luke Judkins had been obliged to mortgage his farm, and Dr. Saunders's marriage with his housekeeper had become an old story, there was absolutely nothing to talk about. It was also providential that he should die just after planting was over, and before haying had begun. He was growing very deaf, too, and was always shiftless. Being a deacon, of course he was prepared, and there was really not much to mourn for, except that now Pamely would have to take care of herself, and Pamely had no faculty. Ruthy Ann could go on keeping school, as she had done for years, and the twins, luckily, were married. Pamely was the only one that was left unprovided for—the kind that had no faculty.

The farm was all run out; and if it were not, Pamely wouldn't know any better than to expect to raise pumpkins on a pea vine. If she was a farmer's daughter she didn't know but what potatoes came up of their own accord, and weeded and dug themselves. Mrs. Ichabod Badger (generally known as Mis' Ichabod) thought it probable that she even supposed that they washed themselves and jumped into the dinner pot. And it was evident that she set a sight more by posies than she did by garden sass. She was always littering up the house with weeds and stuff out of the woods, and she drew pictures when she'd better have been drawing candles or making soap. She took after the Spencers—her mother's folks. One of them wasn't half witted and wrote verses, and another painted pictures, and never amounted to anything. And Pamely was headstrong; she never seemed to pay any attention to good advice. She was always as pleasant and amiable about it as could be, but she would go right on in her own way. That was like her father: when they tried to dismiss the Rev. Mr. Caldwell for unsoundness of doctrine, Deacon Semple he wouldn't agree to it. He didn't get excited and call hard names, as the others did, but though they argued and argued, he wouldn't be convinced.

Mis' Ichabod was of the opinion that a committee of ladies ought to call upon Pamely, and advise her to go and keep house for old Hiram Hutchinson. He had a large farm and two invalid daughters, one afflicted with spinal disease and the other with epilepsy; so 'twas a hard place, and of course she would keep everything at sixes and sevens, not having any faculty; but old Hiram was willing to take her, because she was very close, and she wouldn't expect much. And Mis' Hosea Blodgett added that as Hiram was a widower, nobody knew what might happen. He was over fifty, and hard to get along with, but then Pamely couldn't be far from twenty-five, and ought to be willing to make a sacrifice for the sake of a home. Ben Seaverns, who used to keep company with her, had gone off to sea five years before, and had probably got drowned, to say nothing of being a shiftless good-for-nothing, and surely there was no man in Brimblecom who wanted to marry a girl without faculty.

Before the meeting adjourned, Mis' Ichabod, Mis' Hosea Blodgett, and Miss Nancy Perkins, the postmistress, were appointed a committee to labor with Pamely.

There was do doubt about the zeal of the committee. Bright and early the next morning—so early, in fact, that the breakfast dishes were not washed in any town except Brimblecom—the three ladies presented themselves at the front door of Deacon Semple's late residence; front doors were reserved for state occasions in Brimblecom. The committee, after consultation, had decided that this was an occasion which rendered the use of the front door appropriate.

Keturah Grant, who had been maid-of-all-work in Deacon Semple's family for half a century, hobbled to the door and admitted them to the sitting-room; and there was Pamela, with a great bunch of weeds—buttercups and clover and white weeds—painting, actually painting, at that time in the morning! She wore a high-necked and long-sleeved apron, which was bedaubed with paint, and on her nose was a smirch of bright yellow.

The committee, with one consent, heaved a deep sigh.

"Seein' Scripter commands us to be kind to the widow and the fatherless, we thought we'd come and tell you that old Hiram Hutchinson wants a housekeeper," said Mis' Ichabod, who had been chosen chief spokesman, in view of the "flow of language" for which she was renowned.

Pamela turned an innocent, puzzled face upon Mis' Ichabod—a very lovely face, with a pure pale skin, and soft shy brown eyes, though in Brimblecom, where rosy-cheeked beauties were the fashion, they had never thought of calling it so.

"O, the widower! I couldn't think for the moment what you meant. Poor man! I am sorry if he can't find one. But nobody could expect me to give up Keturah, surely! She is growing too old; and she wouldn't leave me, anyway."

The committee looked at each other. Their mission seemed a somewhat difficult one to perform. Was Pamely so innocent as she looked? Mis' Ichabod had a dreadful suspicion that she was deep, and she resolved not to be daunted.

"We thought you might like the place yourself, seein' you was left so kind of dependent," she said.

"I? O dear! I haven't the least bit of faculty, you know;" and Pamela laughed merrily.

"Them that hain't any faculty have got to try to do something, if they don't want to be objicks of charity," said Mis' Ichabod.

"I don't think Brimblecom will ever have to take care of me. If it does, I am such a little thing that it won't cost much."

There was the suspicion of a flush on Pamela's cheek and a tense look about her mouth that the committee did not observe. They only saw her laugh, and they arose in high dudgeon.

"I *hope* the time won't come when you won't find it a laughing matter," said Mis' Hosea Blodgett, who was determined not to come away without saying anything; that would be so humiliating to tell of.

"O, I hope not," said Pamela, sweetly.

"That was the very worst thing about Deacon Semple—you never could make him mad," said Miss Nancy Perkins, as she opened the gate. And, though the members of the committee wouldn't acknowledge it, Pamela's resemblance to her father in that respect was the thing that they had found most aggravating in their interview with her.

Before they reached their homes they repented that they had not said more, but there was something in Pamela's manner that made it seem an impossibility. The committee could not explain it clearly. Pamela had been quite pleasant and polite, but they didn't care to go again. However, they quite agreed that the matter ought not to rest there, and they were willing—even anxious—to go and confer with Mr. Stockbridge, the minister, upon the subject. Perhaps he could be induced to advise her. She would not dare to be so high and mighty with the minister.

The Rev. Mr. Stockbridge was a grave and dignified man of nearly forty, who, when he had first come to Brimblecom, ten years before, had had the caps of half the young ladies of his parish persistently set at him. They had now, if they had not wholly abandoned the cap-setting, learned to "draw it mildly, lest it were all in vain," for the minister had never shown the slightest signs of being caught. He seemed somewhat embarrassed when the committee visited him and made known their errand. As Mis' Hosea Blodgett said, in desoribing the interview to her friends:

"He kinder turned red, and then he kinder turned white, and he looked all ways for Sunday, jest as if we'd said something that wa'n't proper. And when he said anything, which wa'n't for as much as a minute, he up and said jest as good as to say that he didn't consider 'twas any of his business. But Mis' Ichabod she jest talked and argerfied beautiful about how the town would have to take care of her, and bein' her father was a deacon, the church ought to do its duty, advisin' and laborin' with her if she was head-strong and set up, and she convinced him—with a few words that I let fall as 'twas given me to speak—and he said he'd go and deal with Pamely accordin' to the best wisdom and judgment that was given him. When she sees him a-comin' she'll dowse her peak, for there's nobody in Brimblecom that ain't afraid of the minister."

Within a week the committee waited upon the minister to hear the result of his advice to Pamela. It was very hard to find him at home; they tried four times before they succeeded. If he had been anybody but the minister, they could not have avoided the painful suspicion that he slipped out of the back door when he saw them coming. And when at last they did find him at home, his report was not altogether satisfactory.

"Miss Semple did not care to accept the position of housekeeper to Mr. Hiram Hutchinson," he said, as if Pamela were the greatest lady in the land, and could pick and choose positions. But then he was a minister, and ministers couldn't be expected to talk just like common people.

"What *is* she a-goin' to do, then?" demanded Mis' Ichabod, severely. "I don't know of any other chance for her."

"I—I offered her a position, but she declined that also," said the minister.

The committee looked thunder-struck.

"I do hope it wa'n't to keep school," said Mis' Hosea Blodgett, recovering herself suddenly, "for she hain't a mite of faculty, everybody knows. Why, I asked her once if she understood mathematics, and she said she could do addition if you gave her time. My Angelia understands mathematics, and besides beautiful learnin', she's got a real faculty for keepin' school."

"It was not a position as school-teacher," said the minister.

"She could kind of get along with house-work, though she hain't any faculty. I hope the folks ain't very partickerler," said Mis' Ichabod.

"As she declined the position, it does not seem to matter whether they are or not," said the minister.

If Mis' Ichabod had not stood very much in awe of the minister, he would have then and there received "a piece of her mind," as she afterward declared; "for if there was anything that provoked her beyond endurance, it was a close-mouthed person." But as he was the minister, there was nothing to do but to take leave of him with a coldness and dignity which should give some token of their displeasure.

As if he couldn't tell them just as well as not who wanted to hire Pamely to do house-work! But there was one comfort—the committee knew there was nothing going on in Brimblecom that they couldn't find out.

And just after she had expressed that opinion, Mis' Ichabod was so overcome by some sudden thought that she fairly gasped and leaned for support against the town pump, which providentially stood in her way.

"I heard that Joanna Leach wanted to go home because her sister's twins had the measles. The minister wanted Pamely to keep house for him!" she gasped.

"Well, Mis' Ichabod, if you hain't got an' understandin' worth havin'! And, though I never breathed it to a mortal before, I've had my suspicions that the minister wa'n't all he'd ought to be," exclaimed Mis' Hosea Blodgett.

"I never knew a man to have one white eyebrow for nothing," said Miss Nancy Perkins, darkly.

Before night the report had spread all over Brimblecom that the minister had asked Pamela Semple to keep house for him. Mr. Stockbridge was certainly the last person to be suspected of an impropriety, but appearances were deceitful. He surely must know that he ought to have a housekeeper who was at least fifty, and it was eminently proper that she should be toothless, cross-eyed, and disfigured by the small-pox, as Joanna Leach was. If Pamela were an especially capable person, the case would be somewhat different; but to be willing to bear with a housekeeper who had no faculty, he must have a personal regard for her.

The oldest inhabitant could not remember such an excitement in Brimblecom. The Rev. Mr. Caldwell's heresy had been tame, and the report that Dr. Saunders had another wife living only mildly exhilarating in comparison.

But several weeks went by before any sound of it reached the minister's ears. Happily for him, Brimblecom had a wholecome fear of the minister. But at length, owing mainly to the efforts of Mis' Ichabod, Mis' Hosea Blodgett, and Miss Nancy Perkins, it was decided that at the next church meeting one of the Deacons should question the minister concerning the matter. Such a crying scandal must no longer remain uninvestigated.

It was a great day for Brimblecom. There had not been such an attendance at a church meeting since the Rev. Mr. Caldwell's trial for heresy. Mrs. Deacon Simmons said it seemed so much like county conference that she got up at four o'clock, and went to baking a great batch of pumpkin pies before she remembered what she was about.

If the minister had any idea of what it all meant, he gave no sign, and when Deacon Simmons, with awful solemnity, and with a long preamble concerning the duty of a minister to set an example to his flock in righteousness, asked him if he thought it seemly and becoming to ask the daughter of their late Deacon Ephraim Semple to become his housekeeper, the minister quietly replied that he had never done so.

The committee looked at each other, and everybody else looked at them. Miss Nancy Perkins felt, as she afterward expressed it, as if she "would like to go through to Chiny;" but Mis' Ichabod bore up nobly, and Mis' Hosea Blodgett relied upon Mis' Ichabod.

"Didn't you tell a committee consisting' of Mis' Ichabod Badger, Mis' Hosea Blodgett, and Miss Nancy Perkins that you had done so?" pursued Deacon Simmons.

"I did not," said the minister, with an air of bland and innocent surprise.

This was too much for Mis' Ichabod. She arose, and shaking her forefinger impressively at the minister, demanded:

"Didn't you tell us that you had offered her a situation to keep house? And who in this livin' world could it be that wanted a housekeeper but you?"

"You misunderstood me," said the minister, with great politeness. "I said I had offered Miss Semple a position, and it was not to teach school."

Mis' Ichabod sat down, because nothing occurred to her to say, and for a time there was silence. Then Deacon Simmons arose and said, like a second Adam:

"I hope you won't take no offense, nor think nothin' more about this, Mr. Stockbridge. It's somethin' that the women-folks have got up amongst themselves, and I guess it don't amount to but dretful little."

"To relieve any further curiosity about the matter," said the minister, looking straight at the committee, "perhaps I had better explain—although it is an explanation which a man doesn't often make in public—that the position which I offered Miss Semple, and which she declined, was that of your minister's wife."

Mis' Ichabod always averred that if it hadn't been for a bit of cinnamon which she had on her tongue she would have fainted then.

The church-meeting broke up suddenly, the sentiment which Mis' Hosea Blodgett expressed being apparently the sentiment of all—that she should have died in five minutes if she couldn't have got out where she could talk it over.

"Don't talk to me about that girl!" exclaimed Miss Nancy Perkins, with deep feeling. "There never was a man that it took so much faculty to get as the minister."

"And she wouldn't have him? Depend upon it, there's more in that than meets the eye. She's deep," said Mis' Ichabod.

"What do you think Mis' Moses Gregg whispered to me in meetin'?" said Mis' Hosea Blodgett. "She says Pamely sells the pictures she paints for money—sends 'em off to the city. And besides supporting her and Ketury, she's a-goin' to pay off the mortgage on the farm."

"I hain't never been sorry that I was brought up to work," said Mis' Ichabod. "Vanity and folly may prosper for a season, but we all know where the downward path ends. If Pamely Semple hadn't been sent away to that academy, she might have been as likely and well-behaved as any girl in Brimblecom—if she hadn't any faculty."

And with these remarks Mis' Ichabod withdrew herself from the council.

On the even tenor of her way went Pamela, working early and late with her brush, and before long a report found its way to Brimblecom that she was considered a remarkable artist, and some things were evident to Brimblecom senses: the mortgage was being paid off, the crops were in a prosperous condition, and old Keturah was renewing her youth.

Brimblecom began to be proud of Pamela. It almost forgot that it had ever been afraid she would become a pauper. Nobody seemed to remember that she had been thought to have no faculty—nobody but the committee.

One or two persons were actually heard to say that it was a pity she wouldn't marry Mr. Stockbridge, but perhaps she had a right to look higher than the rest of the Brimblecom girls. Mis' Ichabod always shook her head with mysterious meaning when Pamela was mentioned, and said, grimly, "Them that lives longest will see most."

One day triumph came to Mis' Ichabod.

The committee were in the post-office—Mis' Ichabod and Mis' Hosea Blodgett were often so kind as to assist Miss Nancy Perkins in assorting the mail—when in came Mrs. Deacon Simmons, who was fat and scant of breath, and in such a state of excitement that the committee had, all and severally, to fan her vigorously before her news could be extracted.

"Don't you think, as true as I'm a livin' woman and not a corpse, as I might expect to be, hearin' such upsettin' so—"

"Go on, go on! don't lose your breath!" cried the committee, in chorus, fanning vigorously. "We'll never breathe it to a soul."

"O, it's all over Brimblecom. That good-for-nothing cretur Ben Seaverns has come back, without hardly so much as a coat to his back, and the rheumatic fever. Been cast away on a desert island, and eat up by cannerbals 'most—which nobody can't say wa'n't exactly like him—and nothing but skin and bones, and the doctor says most likely won't never be good for anything again, not to mention that he never was. And Pamely's took him in, and she and Ketury is a-nussin' him up. And that ain't the worst of it; the minister went up and married 'em! She's took that good-for-nothin' cretur to take care of for life—her that might 'a had the minister!"

"They never got me to believe that she had any faculty," said Mis' Ichabod.—*Harper's Bazar.*

To Take Out Milk and Coffee Stains.

These stains are very difficult to remove, especially from light colored and finely finished goods. From woolen and mixed fabrics they are taken out by moistening them with a mixture of one part glycerine, nine parts water, and one-half part aqua ammonia. This mixture is applied to the goods by means of a brush, and allowed to remain for twelve hours (occasionally renewing the moistening). After this time, the stained pieces are pressed between cloth, and then rubbed with a clean rag. Drying, and if possible a little steaming, is generally sufficient to thoroughly remove the stains. Stains on silk garments, which are dyed with delicate colors, or finely finished, are more difficult to remove. In this case five parts glycerine are mixed with five parts water, and one-quarter part of ammonia added. Before using this mixture it should be tried on some part of the garments where it can not be noticed, in order to see if the mixture will change color. If such is the case no ammonia should be added. If, on the contrary, no change takes place, or if, after drying, the original color is restored, the above mixture is applied with a soft brush, allowing it to remain on the stains for six or eight hours, and is then rubbed with a clean cloth. The remaining dry substance is then carefully taken off by means of a knife. The injured places are now brushed over with clean water, pressed between cloths and dried. If the stain is not then removed, a rubbing with dry bread will easily take it off. To restore the finish, a thin solution of gum-arabic, or in many cases beer is preferred, is brushed on, then dried and carefully ironed. By careful manipulation these stains will be successfully removed.—*Scientific American.*

—Corn chowder: Two good sized slices of salt pork, fry brown in the pot; one large or two small onions, simmer in the fat; six potatoes sliced, cover with water, boil till the potatoes are done; then add salt, pepper and crackers to suit; add one quart of milk and corn out from eight good sized ears; boil ten minutes. The above may be made from canned corn, but it must not be allowed to boil; allow merely to get thoroughly heated.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—At the recent royal wedding, the Princess Beatrice wore a dress which once belonged to Ca harine of Aragon, one of the wives of Henry VIII., an old gold and pink satin covered with $100,000 worth of d'Alencon lace.

The "White Plumed Knight."

Our Washington specials say that although Mr. Blaine has been persistently urged by his friends in Maine to become a candidate for Congress next fall, he has positively declined, and the Republican slate in that State is now being made up accordingly. Of course there is no predicting the turn of the political wheel, but it certainly now looks very much as if Blaine were permanently on the retired list. He is no longer young, and, what is worse, has, to a very considerable extent, outlived his popularity in his own party. In 1876 he was unquestionably the Republican favorite by a large majority, and the defeat of the "white-plumed knight" by a man named Hayes was regarded by the great mass of Republicans as a shame and disgrace. To-day he is almost as dead politically as the man named Hayes, and his white plume is not much more likely to be seen in the fore front of a Presidential battery than is the red ribbon total abstinence flag of his successful competitor at Cincinnati. He did good service in bursting the third-term business, but was himself hoisted by the same petard which knocked Grant out of the ring. Possibly he might have got what prize-fighters call "his second wind," had he been allowed to serve out his term as Secretary of State. But he made an unpromising beginning and his early enforced retirement prevented him from regaining the lost ground. At present he is an object of special detestation with the dominant Republican faction, while the anti-Stalwarts feel for him nothing more than lukewarm affection. In short, unless all signs fail, Blaine is "played out."

Why? Not because he lacks ability. Probably no member of his party has as much. Not because he has not rendered his party what, at the time at least, were considered valuable services. Probably no Republican has rendered more. Not because he is not thoroughly sound on the party creed. No Republican is sounder. What, then, is the matter with Blaine? This: He has not a grain of true statesmanship in him. He is a politician and nothing else, and his tricks as such being exhausted he has nothing to fall back upon. As unscrupulous as ambitious, he sought to grasp the glittering prize of a Presidential nomination by stirring up the smoldering embers of sectional strife and thrusting himself forward as the champion of "a solid North against a solid South." The bloody-shirt card failing to win in 1876, though it came very near, he gradually swung round toward the conservative line, so that in 1880 he was selected to beat Grant. In so doing he unexpectedly elected Garfield and became identified with an Administration avowedly hostile to the principles and practices which he represented six years ago. Garfield's death left him, so to speak, "high and dry." The Stalwarts hated him, the anti-Stalwarts were tired of him, and being out of Congress he had no ladder by which to climb again into influential position. Statesmen are very scarce, and were he one he would be a power in his party and liable at any moment to step to the front as an indispensable leader. Politicians are plentiful, and, being one, nothing but luck can lift him to his old place. It looks very much as if he had had his day, and might hereafter be reckoned out of the game. If such is the case, there is no occasion for regret among those who regard patriotism as better than partisanship. Blaine is essentially a partisan. His country does not extend beyond the Potomac and the Ohio, and he has no countrymen outside the Republican ranks. At a time when the wounds of the war seemed almost healed, he deliberately tore them open by appeals to sectional prejudice and passion, hoping thereby to ride into the Presidency on the wave of Northern fear and fury. He deliberately preferred his own personal aggrandizement to National unity, peace and prosperity; and his failure at Cincinnati was merely the first installment of a righteous retribution which is not yet exhausted. And there is a deal of poetic justice in the fact that his bitterest enemies to-day are the very men whom he taught, by precept and example, the beauties and blessings of Stalwart Republicanism. Like the hero of the Greek myth, he is devoured by his own hounds.—*St. Louis Republican*

Schuyler Colfax.

Though the public is indebted to Schuyler Colfax himself for the information that "too partial friends" are demanding his return to the public service, there is some reason to believe that the information, in the main, is correct. It is certainly true that if any of his friends really are making such a demand upon him they are "too partial." They ought to know, as Schuyler does himself, that it cannot be, that when he went out of politics on the ebb tide of public opinion it was to remain out forever.

It is a pleasure to credit Schuyler with this knowledge because he has been so long in attaining it. During the first few years of his "retirement"—if he will permit us to call it such—he strove, in his sweetly smiling way, against fate. He was not boisterous nor rude. He assailed nobody. He did not even inveigh against Oakes Ames or the fatal memorandum book, though he called, with considerable regularity and some feeling, upon his Creator to judge between him and the buyer of Congressmen. His method was peculiarly his own. He kept himself in the public eye by ostentatiously parading his retirement and proclaiming his stern and unalterable determination never to enter public life again. Nobody wanted him to do so. Everybody was quite resigned to his retirement. Everybody was ready, indeed, to forget him, record and all. But just as that point was almost reached, just as they were ready to say, good-naturedly, "thank fortune Colfax's ghost is laid at last and we shan't have any more farewell tours from him," up he came smiling and elastic with a new declination of some nomination which nobody ever dreamed of giving him.

But he must have learned long since that the people did not want him and didn't need any further assurance of his unwillingness to re-enter public life. His last letter—we trust it is his last—is undoubtedly in earnest. He means it this time—though he has himself and his old tricks to thank if the people see in his communication only a renewed attempt to revive public interest in a man who is politically as "dead as the Doges." Somewhat of the incredulity may also be due to his unfortunate suggestion that he cannot accept the nomination of his "too partial" friends, "even if tendered with the understanding that I should not be expected to canvass at all." To those familiar with S. C. in his palmy days, this looks very much like a hint to the "too partial" friends to try him again with a new condition; but in this they probably do him injustice. Habit is so strong that even when a man like Colfax writes in all candor his letters are suggestive of insincerity.

If we have misjudged the great decliner in assuming that he is in dead earnest—if he really is trying to elevate himself again into publicity—we sincerely trust his "too partial" friends will take him at his word. Perhaps the wish is unnecessary. They always have taken him at his word of late years.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Beware of Widows."

Mr. Moore, a Republican member of Congress from Tennessee, gives to the Republican party the words of warning once made immortal by the elder Weller—"Bevare of vidders." They are sapping the foundations of the glorious old party and threaten it with speedy ruin. Unless the party arouses itself it is lost. Like Samson, if it sits in the laps of widows, or rather if it lets the widows sit in *its* lap, its strength and virtue will vanish and it will fall into the hands of the Philistines. It must awake, arise, let the widows fall out of its lap, or be forever fallen itself.

Mrs. Wilcox, who is taken as the text of this eloquent but ungallant appeal to his party, is a widow. She enjoys the rare distinction of having been born in the White House, her grandfather, Andrew Jackson Donelson, having been at the time the private secretary and adopted son of the President whose name he bore. She was appointed by General Grant to a clerkship in the Treasury Department. Her conduct in the office has been scandalous and outrageous. She has done her work faithfully and creditably, but this does not compensate for nor excuse the offenses of which she is guilty. She is not a Republican and sympathizes with the Democratic party. She has even dared to talk of the time when the Democrats may come into power. This her comrades cannot abide, as it unsettles in their minds the foundation of things, and makes them distrust the goodness of Providence and the stability of the universe. "This was more," says Moore, than "Judge Houk and I" could stand, and Judge Houk knew the widow of a Union soldier "who was in every respect equally worthy," and "Judge Houk and I" agreed that she "should have a place in preference to a Democratic sympathizer." "I do not believe," remarked Moore with much solemnity, "in this sentimental appointment to office" of Democratic widows. Republican widows are appointed for practical reasons. "If the Democrats come into power," Moore adds, "they ought to turn out every Republican office-holder and put Democrats in their places. If they do not do this they are fools."

One swallow, however, does not make a summer and one widow does not make a fall—of the pillars of the Constitution. But Moore knows of another widow in the Memphis post-office who has hold of another pier or buttress of the Constitution, and who, by a pull altogether with Andrew Jackson's great granddaughter, can turn the party and the country topsy-turvy. In place of this bereaved political torpedo at Memphis, Congressman Moore knows an entirely safe and trustworthy person who ought to have her office. His appointment would restore the edifice to plumb and the people to confidence. The fact that this trustworthy person happens to be Moore's brother-in-law has nothing whatever to do with it. The question is solely whether or not he sympathizes with the Republican party. If he does *that* ends the controversy. To give an office to a Union soldier's widow, who sympathizes with the Democratic party, and afford her thereby means for providing for her children, when Moore has a brother-in-law that fits the place like an umbrella in an umbrella case, is a "sentimental" bit of politics which profoundly disgusts Moore. *He* is a "practical" politician who believes, like Flanigan, that parties exist for the offices and that Republicans as well as Democrats are "fools" if they do not act on that principle. So long as widows are in office and Congressmen's brothers-in-law are out, our political institutions are in danger. Moore's superiority over other Congressmen is his frankness. Most of them believe as he does about it, but are more hypocritical, and instead of proclaiming it from the house tops hide it under specious phrases.—*Free Press.*

A Nefarious Result of the Reconstruction Policy.

One of the nefarious results of the reconstruction policy and despotic rule of the Southern States by the Republican party, which we have been reviewing heretofore, was the Election Returning Boards to enable Republican partisans to change and control the results of the elections of the people in those States. This was illustrated in the Presidential election of 1876. There is not a well-informed and fair-minded man in the United States, probably, of any political party, who does not know the fact that Samuel J. Tilden was fairly and certainly elected President by a majority of the votes of the people at that election. And yet, by political management and stratagem, the defeated Republican ticket was declared to be elected, and Hayes inaugurated as President. This was an overthrow of popular Government and a crime against the majesty of the people. When and how can this great wrong be remedied, and the supremacy of the people vindicated? This is a great living issue before the American people. The transaction, it is true, is in the past, but the record and the precedent are in the present.—*American Register.*

—On St. Valentine's day a city doctor committed the folly of sending the traditional missive to three charming but petite young girls. Having a facile pen he designed a big bruin standing erect and regarding with curious wonder three little ducks. Proud of his effort, he afterward asked the brighest of the three demoiselles what she thought the little ducks were saying to the bear. "Undoubtedly, quack! quack! quack!" came the instant response.—*Boston Globe.*